THE CASE IS ALTRED.

How?

Aske Dalio *and* Millo.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. N.* for *Robert Bird*, at the signe of the Bible in St. *Laurence*-lane, 1635.

6. 34. b. 9

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To the Reader.

GEntle Reader, I pray God I doe not flatter you: for if you ſhould proveeyther unwiſe or unkinde, I ſhould call in my Title: So it is that having nothing to doe, I ſet my ſelfe a worke about a little better matter, to write downe certaine caſes never pleaded, but onely diſcourſed upon by a couple of idle people, the matters handled are of no great moment, and therefore ſcarſe worth the reading: but yet if you peruſe them all over, no doubt but ſome of them will pleaſe you: If any of them doe otherwiſe I am ſorry, I know not your humour: but if you finde your ſelfe touched with any evill rather mend the fault in your ſelfe, then finde fault with me. In briefe, I onely write upon Caſes, neyther Knive-caſes, Pin-caſes, nor Candle-caſes, but onely a few merry pitifull caſes, In which if I have loſt my time, I am ſorry for my labour, but if I have loſt my labour, I am ſorry for my time: but, if I have gained your good will, all is not loſt, and I thanke you: but becauſe I know not where to come to you to tell you ſo, I leave you to reade, and like what you liſt, and to thinke on me as you have cauſe: and ſo in good will I reſt

F. T.

The case is altred,

How?

Aske Dalio, *and* Millo.

DALIO.

MILLO, God morrow.

Mil. And a thousand to thee honest Dalio: but whether plod you so sadly?

Dal. I was walking toward your house, and finding your wife abroad, I hoped the better to finde you quiet at home.

Mil. You say well: Is it not a pitifull case, that a mans house that should be his castle, and his wife his comfort, should through the unquietnesse of her indiscretion, become more terrible to him than a tower of War.

Dal. I must confesse it to true, I have pitied you often, but could never doe you good: and he that could iudge what I see, and you feele, would confesse it were a pitifull case indeed, God helps you.

Mil. I thanke you, for I thinke that the noyse of a volley of shot is not comparable to the roaring mouth of an unquiet woman: which since it will not be mended, it must be borne, and so forth, But I pray you tell me, how doth your eldest Sonne, followeth he his old courses, will not good counsell bring him home againe?

Dal. Oh Neighbour: I may sigh to heare men say, that yonder is an honest man, yet hath a Sonne able to breake the heart of his Father: Oh, is it not a pitifull case, that a man should carke, and care all the daies of his life, to lay up wealth for a wicked Sonne, that shall spend it before he was ready to part with it, and ere he should leave to be a child, be sicke of the father: make matches upon his death, be glad of his sicknesse,

and feare his recouery, and continuing in an euill course, scorne to be reformed, till having escaped the Law, he growes so shameleſſe in his life, that he is lothed of all good company, became an eye-sore to his friends, & a gaull to his fathers heart; when, neuer the woe of want, the shame of punishment, the feares of God, nor the loue of a father can perswade him to good. Is it not a pittifull case, to see him so past grace, that there is no hope of amendment? and yet nature is of such force that a man cannot hate his owne child: what shall I say to it?

Dal. Why, as you say to me, let me say to you, a pittifull case, a pittifull case for tis no leſſe, A scoulding wife, and a stubborne child, are two pittifull cases for patience to plead in. But what is become of my neighbour Biros daughter?

Mil. Alas the day, there is a pitifull case indeed, if you speake of a case to be pitied: a young wench, a faire wench, a fine wench a prety-wench, a sweet wench, a gallant wench, a proper wench a wise wench, an honeſt wench, and one that can sing well, and play well, and worke well, and doe every thing well, to be cast away. I say cast away: yea vtterly cast away vpon a nody, a ninny-hammer, a tame-goſe, a wood-cocke, a me-cocke, a daw-cocke, that loues nothing but fat meate, and can spell nothing but puding, and yet put vp in gay clothes muſt stand in stead of a better man, to the vndoing of such a peereles woman, and all for a little trash: Oh wicked money, to be the Actors of such mischiefe. Is it not a pitifull case?

Dal. It is: and poore heart (were not wishing in vaine) I could beteeme her a better match: then thus to see a diamond buried in sea-coale-ashes, it is a pity, it serues a better soile, and in truth, had I such a daughter, she should spin, and I would reele, and we would make thred for a liuing, before I would bring her to her death by such a misery.

Mil. You say well, and so I thinke should I but tis a pitifull case and so let it be: And since we are entred into these matters let me aske you a question. I pray you what heare you of your Nephew, and his marriage?

Dal. You doe well to put me in minde of him, for in troth I pitied him, a young man, a handsome man, a wise man, an honeſt

neſt man, a kind man, & a carefull man, given to thriue, like to doe well, comming on well in the world to beſtow the prime of his yeeres, the hope of his fortune, and the fruit of his trauaile, upon the figure of deformity, the diſcomfort of continuance, the croſſe of pleaſure, and the miſery of time, and all for a little cankred coyne, which may hap to be ſhort of his reckoning, and he may leaue ere he beware: would it not fret a man to thinke on it grieue a man to ſee it, & pity him that cannot helpe it, when his youth is drowned in her age, his wit in her wilfulneſſe, his learning in her lacke of vnderſtanding, and his worthineſſe in her wretchedneſſe: is not this a pitifull caſe.

Mil. Oh yes, a pitifull caſe, a pitifull caſe indeed: and for my ſelfe had I ſuch a ſonne, I would make him plough, & I would ſow, and we would both labour for bread ere he ſhould feaſt with ſuch a morſell. But to goe on with you a little, I pray you how d'th my cozen Sindo, with his bargaine?

Dal. You ſay well, for there is a caſe pitifull enough I thinke, oh poore man he is vndone: why his ſtocke of money he put into a ſtocke of ſheepe, & having them warranted good, and ſound, takes a paſture for them, which had beene tainted with ſicke cattell, and there findes them day by day fall into diſeaſes: that what with the rot, the ſcab, the fly, the worme, the cough, and I know not what, in a little time the fold comes into a little roome, & the fleeces ſo fly from the ſoles, that the carkeſſes will not be worth the taking up: when what with the Fore, and the Wolfe, the careleſſe, or the crafty ſheepheard, and the tainted ground, or the infectious ayre, the ſheepe comes to ſo poore a reckoning, that repentance may ſit downe, and ſay nothing, and for lacke of ſheepe of his owne, goe play the ſheepe-head or the ſheepheard with another, to ſee an honeſt man in good credit of his neighbours, carefull of his eſtate, toyling for his liuing ſhould eyther through want of skill, or the cruelty of fortune, come to ſuch decay, that being able to lend other in their neceſſities, ſhould now haue neither credit or comfort in his miſery: oh, is it not a pitifull caſe, that a man, who ſhould be as a god vnto a man, ſhould become ſuch a diuell vnto a man.

Mil. It is true, the Diuell at the firſt crept into the eare of

a woman to deceiue man, and I thinke he hath of late ſo crept into the heart of man to deceiue one another, and themſelues moſt of all, that the monſtrous minds of theſe daies doe ſo deceiue and abuſe the ſimple hearts of honeſt ſoules, that we may ſay it is a pitifull caſe, to ſee what the diuell can doe among men: but let that paſſe: and let me aske you one queſtion.

Dal. With all my heart, and as I can, I will kindly anſwer you: then ſay this when a rich man dies, and owes a great deale of money to a number of poore men, and women, many of them take his word, & hauing no writing, he dies, & makes his will giues what he hath to whom he liſt, but hath no minde of his debts, though he haue ſet downe all his debtors, & ſo with a conſcience world wide, goes to hell with the diuell, leauing poore men to beg, that cannot come by their money when the labourer the widdow, & the fatherleſſe, come weeping to the doore for the payment of a poore reckning, & with a checke or a taunt, eyther diſerred for a little, or with nothing but a rebuke ſent away: while ỹ Executor comes out puffing after a banquet, ỹ heire comes prouiding after new apparell, the ſiſter pricking as toward the hope of a gallant huſband, and the gueſts with courteſies, and I thanke you for your good cheere, going home the poore wretch with a cold comfort, muſt walke away with a poore pittance, breaking his heart with the ſighes of his ſoule, to ſee the miſery of Fortune: Is not this a pitifull caſe?

Mil. It is a moſt pitifull caſe, but who can helpe it, when mens hearts is ſo ſhut up in their purſes, ỹ money comes from them like their hearts blood: and with wicked conſciences rather die indebted to many, to inrich their poſterity, then leaue order for payment of their debts, euen out of their ſuperfluity: but I hope there are not many ſuch: But to goe along with you let me tell you, which I thinke you haue not heard, of a pitifull caſe indeed: I thinke as we haue ſpoken of, the ouerthrow of Sig. Benitos eſtate.

Dal. It is the firſt time that I heard, of the manner of it but of his decay, I heard, and am ſorry to heare of it, and therefore, I pray you let me heare you deliuer, as I know you will, the truth of it.

Mil.

Mil. I will, and thus it was. The Gentleman (as you know) a proper man well caried, well qualified, and well disposed, deeply read, and soundly studied, on whom his friends had good hope of, and many men of great wisedome did converse withall for iudgment, in the midst of all expectation of his fortune, and well doing in the world, falles into acquaintance, and too much affection, with a Scholler that hath more learning then honesty, who to gaine a little wealth, cared not whom he brought to beggery, and fell farre into an overweening of his wits, and giving such an applause to his reading, that for the spending of a little money he should grow in a mountaine of gold, and so long led through fooles practise with hope of strange working in nature, that every day imparting his estate, by the defraying the charge of his expence perswading him to make drosse Gold, he found nothing in the end, but to bring indeed Gold to drosse, for when his Land was sold for money, his money went for coles, glasse, bricke, and bellowes, and I know not how many necessaries, as he was perswaded to be at charge with, for the making Gold by the admirable Science of Alcumist: when this glasse was broken, and the fire was out, and this and that must be renewed, and I know not what was layd out, till there were nothing to lay in, when the poore Gentleman saw himselfe thus mocked with imagination, and cozned by illusions, that he found Alcumist, to be Alghemist, which is, all mist, amazed to finde himselfe all hid in a mist, where through want of a cleare sight, he grew so blind, that he could never see a penny in his purse; Oh how it stroke him to the heart to see the woefull fruit of his wilfull folly believe me careleſſe in a manner, either of himselfe, or what might befall him, he fell to such a melancholy humour as with inward sorrow, sighing, and sobbing, desirous alwaies to be solitary, and out of company, fell at last into a consumption, and so as a dead man upon the earth: walketh up and downe as you see, and is not this a most pitifull case to see a proper man, a handsome man, an honest man, a wise man, a learned man, a rich man, made such a scale, such an asse, and such a mome, to undoe himselfe to sell all he hath and with

sorrow

ſorrow to weare himſelfe, to the bones, for hope of wonders out of the wit of a villaine, that onely ſtudied Philoſophy: to uſe a foole ſo, fie: Beleeve me, in mine opinion it is a pittifull caſe.

Dal. It was indeed: and is a moſt pitifull caſe to ſee how many are corzoned in the world by immaginations of miraculous courſes in nature: but let them burne that will needs leape into the fire: in one ſenſe I meane in charity I could pity their miſery: but truely I cannot but laugh at their folly that in ſeeking to make Gold of Leade, put themſelves cleane out of Silver. But let me leave theſe long caſes, and in briefe anſwer me to ſuch caſes as I ſhall put to you.

Mil. As I can I will.

Dal. Well then firſt tell me your opinion in this: Is it not a pitifull caſe to ſee a proper man without money?

Mil. It is.

Dal And to ſee a faire woman without wit?

Mil. No leſſe.

Dal. And an old man lecherous?

Mil. Alas poore man.

Dal. A young man vitious?

Mil. He will be ſped.

Dal. And a rich man covetous?

Mil. 'Tis pity that he hath ſo much.

Dal. And a whore undoe an honeſt man?

Mil. Fie upon her there are too many of them.

Dal. And a foole in authority?

Mil. Woe be to that government.

Dal. And a begger on horſe-backe?

Mil. Let him ride like a raſcall.

Dal. And a gentleman on foote?

Mil. I would he had a horſe.

Dal. And a Monkey kille a woman?

Mil. I'le have the urchine.

Dal. And a dog bite a man?

Mil. Hang him curre.

Dal. And a horſe kill his rider?

Mil. Heavy fortune.
Dal. And a Hen Crowtrodden?
Mil. Cut her throat.
Dal. And a For kill a Lambe?
Mil. Set dogs upon him.
Dal. And a woman beate her husband?
Mil. Let his neighbour ride.
Dal. And a poore man arrested?
Mil. God helpe him.
Dal. And a villaine rich,
Mil. Beware of mischiefe.
Dal. And a Lover deceived,
Mil. Too common.
Dal. And a deceiver beloved?
Mil. Oh pitifull.
Dal. And a tale ill told?
Mil. Lacke of wit.
Dal. And a Lie smothed?
Mil. Fie on flattery.
Dal. And Love abused.
Mil. Ill nature.
Dal. And abuse favoured?
Mil. Ill indgment.
Dal. And warre threatned.
Mil. Tis dangerous.
Dal. And peace shortned.
Mil. Tis impious.
Dal. And a Souldier beg?
Mil. It is grievous.
Dal. And a pudding burne;
Mil. No, it skils not tis a thing of nothing.
Dal. And a Goose goe barefoot?
Mil. It is naturall.
Dal. And a woman weepe?
Mil. It is ordinary.
Dal. And an Asse loded?
Mil. He serves for it.

Dal. And an ape clothed.
Mil. 'Tis the Bearwards gaine.
Dal. And a Gray-hound spurned.
Mil. A churlish nature.
Dal. And a mastiffe stroken?
Mil. The clownes iewell.
Dal. And a tree fruitlesse?
Mil. Cut it downe.
Dal. And a friend faithlesse?
Mil. Trust him not.
Dal. And a workeman lazy?
Mil. Pay him not.
Dal. And a servant idle?
Mil. Keepe him not.
Dal. And a wife graceless?
Mil. Love her not.

Dal. You answer briefely, but not directly to my propositions: I aske if all these be not pitifull cases:

Mil. No: some are, and some are not.

Dal. Which are not?

Mil. Why a barefoote Gosse, for she can weare no shoos, but she would leave them in the water: and a weeping woman when she crieth for burst heart: and a bearing asse, for he is good for nothing else: and an ape in his cote for he makes sport for fooles. These and a number more of this nature, I thinke need not greatly to be pitied: for others you may iudge my minde by mine answeres.

Dal. You say well: and yet let the Gosse alone to feed with the gander: But to the woman, I thinke when she weepes she cries not, and then a kind heart will pity her, and to load an asse too much may breake his backe, and to cloathe an ape too richly is cost ill bestowed: and therefore someway there is none of these things but are to be pitied.

Mil. I hold with you: but let us leave this sport, chopping of cases, and speake of a case too pitifull to be spoken of if it could be helped. Say that I should marry your Daughter being a Widdow, and being possessed of pritty lands of her owne inheritance

ritance by her mother (who you lately buried) and having liued with my wife a while in loue and kindneſſe till ſhe be forced to walke the way of all fleſh, and ſhe hauing a daughter heire to her ſayd lands, liuing with ſome of her friends far from her, I knowing this daughter true heire to theſe lands doe againſt my conſcience, paſſe away this land to a man of wealth, who if it euer come in queſtion, can follow the law with a good purſe, the heire comes to claime her right; I am dead, he that bought it keepes it, and the law findes meanes to keepe her from it: Is not this a pitifull caſe?

Dal. Yes, and pity but it ſhould be better pleaded, that the heire might haue her right, and oppreſſor eyther be puniſhed, or put to pay for it.

Mil. Well ſayd, then let me tell you this: if a Rogue cut a purſe and put it into my pocket, I be demanded the purſe, and knowing my ſelfe cleare from the thought of ſuch a villany doe in fury deny it, and preſently ſearched, the purſe is found about me, and I apprehended for the fellon except the Thiefe come to cleare me, I am like to hang for it: is not this a pitifull caſe.

Dal. Oh Lord, who would not thinke ſo, and to anſwer you, if a filthy whore be gotten with child by a raſcally knaue, and be counſailed by her companions to lay the baſtard upon me, if ſhe will ſweare (though ſhe forſwere) it was mine, I muſt be at the charge of keeping it, and ſuffer I know not what trouble for it, to my great diſcredit, and almoſt undoing: is not this a pitifull caſe?

Mil. Tis truely grieuous: but to quit you. Say that you are a poore man, and ſimply honeſt, I like a gallant come Riding on the high way, upon an horſe that I haue ſtollen but a little before, and am purſued for: I ſeeme to alight, and intruſſe a poynt, and knowing the countrey deliuer you my horſe to lead a little on the way, and giue you a ſmall piece of money for your paines promiſſing to come backe to you, then I make away through a wood to the ferry, and ſo ſhift away, and leaue you, you are taken with the horſe, and if the countrey be not the better unto you, you muſt hang for your kindneſſe: is

not this a pitifull cafe.

Mil. A miſerable cafe, but leaving hanging cafes, let me aſke your opinion touching ſome few cafes that coms ſuddenly into my minde.

Dal. With all my heart, and I will deliver you my iudgement, what I thinke of them.

Mil. Then ſay this, to give white Bread to a dog, & browne to a man, is it not a pitifull cafe?

Dal. It is, and it is not. Mil. How ſo.

Dal. It is pitifull in reſpect of the bread, y was ordained rather for men then dogs, but of the gift no pity, for it is better to make much of a profitable dog, then an unprofitable man.

Dal. Well then, is it not a pity to ſee a wiſe man poore, and a fole rich.

Dal. It is, and it is not. Mil. As how.

Dal. It is pity that wiſedome ſhould want, but wealth will corrupt a good wit, and a wiſe man may live by his wits while a foole may beg if he want money.

Mil. Well ſaid, but is it not pity to ſee good meat ill dreſſed?

Dal. No, for if it were well dreſſed, it might cauſe ſurfeting by too much pleaſing the taſte, where now a little well digeſted may doe nature no hurt: but in reſpect of the meate, it is pity ſo that in any private diſh it is not well, but in a publique feaſt, it is no great matter.

Mil. Well Sir, but to ſee an honeſt quiet man matched with a ſcould.

Dal. It is, and it is not: for though in reſpect of his better deſert it is a pity, yet in regard it is an exerciſe of his patience it is profitable, and no pity.

Mil. But to ſee a carefull maſter matched with a careleſſe ſervant, is not he to be pitied?

Dal. I ſay as I ſayd, it is and it is not, for though in reſpect of hinderance it is pity, yet for that it will keepe him from lazyneſſe, in having a carefull eye over all his buſineſſe, it is good for him and not ſo pitifull.

Mil. Well ſayd, but to ſee a fine wench in rags, and an ilfavoured ſlut well clothed.

Dal.

Dal. I ſay as I ſaid ſtill, it is, and it is not; the wench better deſerues it: but in reſpect her beauty with a little vertue will get a better matter, then cloathing without wealth, it is no pity: and ſince it is eaſie to conſider, that the croanes cloathing is all her countinance, and without that ſhe may goe cry kitchinſtuffe for her comfort, it is pity but ſhe ſhould haue ſomething to helpe, that is worſe then nothing: and the wench being vertuous in her poverty, might perhaps be wicked, if ſhe weare wealthy, ſo (as I ſay) it is, and it is not pity.

Mil. Well then what ſay you to this: is not the wracke of a ſhip a pitifull ſight?

Dal. It is ſo one way, and it is not ſo another, for in reſpect of the commonwealths loſſe, that might haue made good uſe of that ſhe brought, it was pity: yet in reſpect that it was a meanes to humble the proud ſpirit of him that ought it, is not pitifull.

Mil. You ſpeake to ſome purpoſe: but yet I doe not alowe of your opinion in many poynts: but for that we come rather to talke of caſes, then to fall out about caſes let your opinion ſtand firme, for it is not much amiſſe, and let me tell you of a pitifull caſe beheld of late in a little village, about a mile from my houſe.

Dal. Come one, and ten to one, but if my memory faile me not I will requite you with another worth the hearing.

Mil. Then heare me, thus it was, An old woman a very old woman, a crooked old woman, a creeping old woman, a lame woman, a deafe woman, a miſerable woman, a wretched woman, a wicked woman: fell with halfe a ſight (for ſhortly after ſhe fell blinde) in loue with a prity, neat, nimble, ſpruſe, lively handſome, and truely a lively young man, and ſo farre as after the manner of the countrey people ſhe would if ſhe met him in a morning bid him good morrow, with how doe you ſonne, I pray you come neere, if it were neere her houſe, and I pray you ſit downe, and I pray you drinke, and how doth your good father, and your mother, and all your houſe, introth you are welcome I am ſorry I haue no good cheere for you: but ſuch as I haue, I pray you doe not ſpare: if I haue any thing in my houſe

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it is at your command indeed I ever loued you of a child, and if I had a daughter I would giue her with all I haue vnto you that I would, yea truely would I: but if you could make much of an old woman it may be I haue some old Ruddockes that saw no day these twenty winters, and ten, that may make a young man merry: yea, and perhaps make you liue by their Nole that hold their heads full high. And thus then with shewing him all her wealth, which she coniured him to keepe secret, and giuing him a peice of gold or two with him she made him doe, yea marry did he, that which his conscience had no comfort in, and he found no good of, for hauing robbed her of a great deale of coyne, onely bearing her in hand to be her Alle-band, and for a little illfauored kindnesse, it fell out that shortly after, he falling in loue with a neighbours daughter a wench worthy the loking on, when all parties were agreed the matter was made up, hands were ioyned, hearts were ioyfull, the Banes were asked, the Bride, and Groome were married, the Guests were bidden, the Dinner was ready, the minstrels played, the youth danced, and the fooles laughed, and the day was well past, and nothing long'd for but onely night, and then the supper done, the guests departed, then curtesie, and I thanke you: the Rich had their bellies full, and the Beggars had their pockets full, and the whole house was at quiet, doores were shut: the Fire, and Candle put out, The bed made soft, and the Sheets white washed, and the pillowes sprinkled ouer with Rose-water, and all things in order for the comfort of these young couple, the old woman grew mad at this match, though she durst not forbid the Banes, being in the Church, & hearing of diuers saying, god giue you ioy, fell to mumbling to her selfe and some sorrow too, but how she wrought with her inchantment I know not but the young people might kisse while she might sigh, and he fret, but there was no further matter to be performed, and this continued for two yeeres, till that she in loue, and modesty, concealed her misery, and he seeking all meanes he could for his comfort, & finding none, met by chance with this old woman, and in a mistrust that she had done him some villany with her ill tongue, fell upon her, and throwing

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her downe, troad upon her, and did beate her till he left her for dead, and indeed she never eate bread afterwards, for going home to her house (belike going about some other lewdnesse) her crutch slipping, she fell over the threshold, & broke her necke. When the young man came home he talked so kindly with his wife, that within forty weekes after she brought him a goodly boy: and is not this a pitifull case, that a man so long should be tormented with the wicked tongue of a woman?

Dal. A woman, you would say the sparke of a woman, for a witch is but a Divell incarnate: it is pity that any of them are suffered to live. But to requite you: not many miles from the towne where I dwell, there was an old man a filthy old man, a cogging, sniveling, bleere-eyd, wry-mouthed, bottle-nos'd, lame-legged, palsie-handed, crump-footed, wry bodied, gag-toth'd slandering tongue, foh stinking-breated, who walked but upon crutches, read but with spectacles, & spake with a shaking nodding of a noddy head, this ougly obiect or rather abiect of nature, the sorrow of youths eye-sight, the disprofit of time, the hate of love, and the lamentation of hope, such a man as is not in the world to be seene, by very ill fortune, upon a faire day chanced to meete with a Tenants daughter of his, whom having well viewed, as his dimme sight would give him leave giving a nod to her curtesie, sent the next day for her to his house, but the wench the day before having so much of his sight that she desired never to see him more, with bitter teares fell at her fathers feete, and desired him to goe and know his pleasure, and make excuse for her, that she was not well, but the next day she would come to him: The poore man seeing his daughter change colour, did yeeld to her request, put on his best shoes and cleane band, and being but a little way from his house through want of a Horse went on foote, when but a little wet-shod, with slipping into a ditch, he comes at last to the doore of this rich clowne, who being head Baliffe to the chiefe Lord of the manner, kept a house, the best thatched of all his neighbours in the Parish: their being saluted by a couple of foule curres, not much unlike their old master, being of his old acquaintance, shewing him but their teeth, and then waging their tailes

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did her no harme, but let him there stay till his chaps, the old mezill, hearing his dogs, and knowing their voyces, came out to heare whom they talked to, & their seeing this poore man stand cap in hand, setting himselfe downe upon a bench after a horse cough, and a spalling spet or two begins to alke him for his daughter, whose excuse being made he fals aboord with him for her, to have her for his servant; which he answering with an excuse that it could not be for she had taken earnest of a gentlewoman, to wait on her in her chamber: which he beleeving answered that he would doe more for her then any gentlewoman of them all; for he had no children, and he would make her both his child, and his wife: and therefore he should take no care for Service: the poore man glad of his message, went home merrily to his daughter, told her what good fortune was towards her, for ioy sent for the other pot, and now thought to take no care for rent, when his child should be his Landlady: but the poore girle seeming to her father to be as ioyfull as he, when her father was gone to his daies worke in the morning, toke an old sacke, in which she put up her cloathes that she had and away she goes to an aunt shee had ten miles off, and there with howling, and crying that her Father meant to marry her to the divell, intreated her to put her to service, for she had rather wash bucks all the daies of her life then be matched with such a monster: Oh Aunt, every body sayes that he kild his last Wife with kindnes, and I thinke he would doe as much with me.

Oh tis as venomous a man as lives, and truely Aunt, it is such an ill favoured man, & he hath such a breath, it is a-beastly creature: besides, the house that he dwels in he hath but his life in: but if he had all the world, and as much goods as would lie in all your house: I would not have him, I had rather beg my bread.

Her Aunt seeing the honest heart of the poore wench, & knowing that she could set a seame together, & handle her needle prettily for the plaine hem, & could tell how to eate a peice of meat, how ever she could dresse it, spake to a Gentlewoman neere to her to take her into her service, drove a bargaine for her wa-

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ges, & brought her to her, & placed her with her: where ſhe behaved her ſelfe well, & was well thought on, & there I leave her.

Now comes home her Father milleth his Daughter, runnes to his Land-lord thinking to finde her there: the Pitcher thinks he is mockt, he falls out with his Tenant, warnes him out of his houſe, the poore man goes home weeping, his wife with her hands wringing entertaines him with a ſcolding, raſing upon him, curſing her Land-lord, and ſweares ſhe will have her home: hang him dog, he ſhall not be the death of her daughter, ſhe will not dwell in his houſe, ſhe will have her child out of his houſe, or ſhe would beat downe his doores: and is as good as her word the next morning with an open mouth goes to his doores when lowder then both his Paſtiſſes, ſhe maketh an out cry for her child.

The man knowing her to be an unreaſonable woman, entreats her to be quiet, and he ſweares by the croſſe of his crutch, that he knowes not whether ſhe is gone: and with much adoe to pacifie her, he gets himſelfe quite rid of her: when comming home, and not finding her deare daughter, ſhe falls into ſuch an agony', that a horſe could not abide it, when the poore man with griefe takes ſuch thought, that he can eate no meat, and ſhe weary, and almoſt out of breath with ſcolding goes to bed for anger: and the old man with ſorrow to loſe his love, and to ſee her parents miſery after a fit of the Stone, with a ſtich of the Collicke being grieved at the heart, and fearing to leave the world, ſends for his Tenant forgives him his Rent, and gives his houſe to his daughter if ſhe be found againe: and ſo beſtowed among the poore of the Pariſh ſome little matter, not worth the ſpeaking of, having made all meanes he could, & by her parents good care and travaile found out, and brought unto him ſome houre before his death, gave her in an old foule Handkirchiefe, that which payd for more then the waſhing of two faire ſmockes, and ſo cauſing the great bell to be tould, after a hollow hem or two, even for Love (becauſe he can live no longer) dyed. And is not this of a long caſe a pitifull caſe.

Mil. Yes if it were true but ſurely tis a ieſt: there was ne-

ber ſuch a man nor ſuch a matter.

Dal. Well then ſay it were a ieſt, was it not a pitifull ieſt?

Mil. If there were any pity, It was in that he lived ſo long, But now after your long caſe, let me come to you with a ſhort caſe. Is it not pity to ſee a faire Houſe without inhabitants. Dal. It is, and it is not.

Mil. How ſo.

Dal. It is in regard of good Hoſpitality a pity: but rather then be eyther a den of Theeves, or a Brothell of Whores it were better ſtand voyd, and ſo it is no pity.

Mil. Well then, but is it not pity to ſee a Purſe without money.

Dal. In reſpect of want it is: but rather then be fild with unlawfull, or ungodly gaines, it were better be empty.

Mil. But is it not pity to ſee good clothes ill worne?

Dal. It is, and it is not, in regard of the good clothes it is pity, but in reſpect of the wearer it is not, for it is better to be careleſſe, then proud.

Mil. Well humord, But is it not pity to ſee a man blind?

Dal. Why, would you have alſo that one ſhould not ſee another? or how would you know blindnes if all had their ſight.

Mil. Well, and is it not pity to ſee a woman dumbe?

Dal. Oh then the market would be ſpoyld.

Mil. Is it not pity to have a Dogge deafe?

Dal. Hang him for his skinne.

Mil. Is it not pity to ſee a Horſe lame?

Dal. Keepe him for a Scallion, and let him feed hounds.

Mil. Or a Hauke lacke a wing.

Dal. Pull off her head.

Mil. Or a Wolfe kill a Lambe?

Dal. Hunt him to death.

Mil. What ſay you to a ſtorme in harveſt?

Dal. It will drive the Farmer to prayers, and the labourers to worke a pace:

Mil. So then, I ſee your ſullen humour will not be altred yet as too much pity marres a whole City, ſo a dogged mind is too neere the divell. But it may be, and ſo I gueſſe it that you onely

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out of your humour; without ſpight of any thing ſpeake all that you doe, and therefore I will entreat you a little farther to deliver me your opinion touching ſome other caſes.

Dal. I am for you.

Mil. Is it not pity to ſee an infant ſtarved?

Dal. Hang the Nurſe.

Mil. To ſee a Church robbed?

Dal. Strangle the Thiefe.

Mil. To ſee a Chriſtian become a Jew?

Dal. Put him to the fire.

Mil. To ſee a Sonne kill his father?

Dal. Bury him quicke.

Mil. What ſay you to ſee a Clowne ſcorne a Lord?

Dal. Marry him to a Whore.

Mil. To ſee a witch kill a child?

Dal. Send her to the divell.

Mil. Your anſwers are bitter?

Dal. The caſes are venomous.

Mil. Well, yet what ſay you to ſheepe without a ſheepheard?

Dal. Ware the Wolfe.

Mil. A Horſe without a rider?

Dal. Ware his heeles.

Mil. A Souldier in drinke?

Dal. Ware miſchiefe.

Mil. A houſe on fire?

Dal. Ware the whole towne.

Mil. An honeſt man a Cuckold?

Dal. Ill Fortune.

Mil. A faire wench wicked.

Dal Weakeneſſe in Nature.

Mil. Or penitent puniſhed?

Dal. Tyranny.

Mil. Or the wicked ſpared?

Dal. Oh vile money.

Mil. Or the honeſt ſcorned?

Dal. Corruption of time.

Mil. Or a woman womanniſh?

Dal Shoe the Goose.

Mil. Or a woman tyrannous? Dal. Fury.

Mil. Oh Dallio, thou art still one man: I thanke thee for thy plainnesse but fearing that I trouble thee with too many cases, let me heare some from you.

Dal. And that, I pray you what thinke you of this case? What say you to a young wench sleepy?

Mil. Ware her mayden-head.

Dal. To a covetous Lawer?

Mil. Woe to the Clyent.

Dal. To a slovenly courtier?

Mil. Banish him the presence.

Dal. To a dicing Marchant?

Mil. Ware the Socke.

Dal. What say you to a sleepy Sentinell?

Mil. Ware the Campe.

Dal. To a careleſſe Farmer?

Mil. He will die a begger.

Dal. To a lazy workeman?

Mil. A whip, a whip.

Dal. To a counterfeit Cripple?

Mil. An open punishment.

Dal. To a faithleſſe friend?

Mil. Give him ỹ knave of clubs for a cognizance

Dal. To a malicious enemy?

Mil. Ware Treason.

Dal. To smoth-tongued queane,

Mil. Take heed of witchcraft:

Dal. To a lying Rascall?

Mil. Loſe no time with him.

Dal. To a desperate Villaine.

Mil. Avoyd his company.

Dal. To a shameleſſe woman.

Mil. Let no man abide her.

Dal. Well sayd: but to goe along with you a little to answer you in one poynt: If I were bitter, you are not sweet for so much as I have yet heard from you (speake it not in dislike of you

you, but to be a quittance with you) and therefore let me further aske your opinion in this case. I lend you money to doe you good and you gaine by it, and when I come at my day to demand it, you have it, and will not pay it: another lends me money, and I lose by it, at the day appointed, I would, and cannot pay, yet you hold the reputation of an honest man, after many delayes, and I for one day breach am accounted contrary, is it not a pitifull case?

Mil. In truth I thinke the case is pitifull, that I should have so much credit, and so little conscience: and you so good a conscience, and so ill fortune.

Dal. You say right, now farther let me put you another case Say, that I should lend you a sword, to weare for a day or two: you in a worse minde then I would wish you, fall by the high way upon a purse, in his hands that will not easily part from it, you fight with him, and kill him, and take away his money, and leave the sword sticking in him, or being pursued for the murther, by some mischance in riding or running, lose the sword, or let it fall, and in hast running for life, will not light for the sword, but by your horses swiftnes, or what meanes I know not, get away without touch, the sword is found, and carried from Cutler to Cutler, till it be knowne who made it, & in the end being found out who made it, and who bought it, I am shewed the sword, and cannot deny it to be mine, if I cannot bring forth the thiefe, I must answere the law, and hang for my kindnes: is not this a pitifull case.

Dal. Yes truely, in Conscience this suspition and presumption are shrewd poynts to condemnation, but though he that is borne to be hang'd will never be drowned till he be dead, yet me thinkes it is a pitifull case, to hang a true man for a Thiefe And now let me put you another case. Say that I should loving you as I doe, commit (as I durst) into your hand, all the stocke of my money that I have, and you and I take a shop together, and sell our wares together, you having, as God forbid you should some wicked spirit of covetousnes enter into your ill conscience, watch a time when I were out of doores goe in to my counting-house, take all my money, and writings, and at

my returne, begin to thrust me out of doores, picke some quarrell with me, bid me seeke mine owne as I can, and so without pacification resolu'd to play the villaine with me, driue me to sue by Law to recouer mine owne, while with commodity of my coine you finde meanes to vse me as you list, and so long weary me with the Suite being not able to hold wage with you, that in the end, I am enforced eyther to leaue it or to compound with you for a thing of nothing, and putting vp all wrongs, be inforced to make you acquittance for all matters, to discharge you for all claimes to my vtter vndoing, and haue no remedy: but craue patience of God, while you are going to the diuell: is not this a pitifull case?

Mil. It is but the diuell seekes out his copes-mates, I haue nothing to doe with him: I defie him, and all his trickes, and so I hope doe you. God blesse vs from him.

Dal. Amen For if there euer was such a case, it was hellishly handled that the Law could no better determine it, but that a knaue should be the vndoing of an honest man, but leauing more to talke of these cases, is it not a pitifull case, to see a rich man, who in shew of the world hath beene reputed a man of honest, and good conscience, vpon the sudden, eyther at a banquet, or vpon a bench of authority fall sicke, & so hath no mind of God but onely calling for his keyes, looke ouer his bags, and course euery one that comes at him, and like a dog or a diuell, without the thought of Christianity, leauing his wealth to he knowes not whom, died like a dog, and so is tumbling into the curt with a number of teares, that he died no sooner: and he no sooner in his grabe but his sonne hangs himselfe his daughters all proue whores, his seruants eyther beg, or filch for their liuing for want of other waies, or any thing left them by their wicked maister: and thus vpon a sudden is the fall of ths whole house of wickednesse: Is not this a pitifull case, that the world should be blinded with the outside of hypocrisie, to take such a Iew for a Christian:

Dal. Pity, yes it is pity, that euer he was begotten: that he dyed not in his birth, or that he should euer looke like a man in this world. But tell me your opinion in this case: I a young

wench

wench that were of a pure complexion, & of a good feature, well thought of her good behaviour, and with a little wealth might be a companion for an honeſt man, ſhould by falling into the company of ſome idle Girles, learne to paint her ſelfe, and to make ſtrange faces: with leering eyes, and mumping chaps, and fleering ſmiles, after the Whore fashion, to draw fooles to an ill banquet, and ſo continuing this ill courſe, doth ſpoyle her complexion, ſpill a good face, and become of the Bedzole of Bridewell, and ſo from one degree of ſhame to another, to deſtruction in the end. Is not this a pitifull caſe?

Mil. Yes in truth it is: but what is the helpe; I know not: and therefore it is the more pitifull, that miſchiefe is ſo pitied cannot be helped.

Dal. Then let it alone, and talke of ſome other matters.

Mil. Content, but me thinks the day growes towards an end the Sunne is ſetting, and I have a ſtart home: and having promiſed my Wife to be at home by five of the clocke would be loath to breake my word with her, you know her humour, and having ſome of her country-folkes come to ſee her, ſhe meanes to beſtow ſome good cheere upon them: and therefore if you dare venter a ſcolding iopnt with your woman, goe along with me, and howſoever it will be hereafter, I daze warrant you a welcome, for the meanes to be merry, the Capon, and the Goſe are both kild.

Dal. But the Gander is left alive.

Mil. Yea, ſhe keepes him for to breed to give you a Goſling.

Dal. Well ſaid old wag, I thinke I ſhall never die . . . by debt and therefore ſince all Woodcockes have long bils, let us take our flight together.

Mil. You ſay well: and ſince all Aſſes have great heads, let none be aſhamed of his long eares.

Dal. Good againe, And ſince all Goats have beards; let them be knowne from ſheepe.

Mil. A godyer on you for me, I hope here are none in my flocke.

Dal. If there be remove them, for they will not doe well together.

gether, but loke you, who comes yonder?

Mil. It is my boy, his mother hath sent for me I must away to morrow is market day, and if you will, I wil meet you here at this Oake, and we will have some talke of other matters.

Dal. Content, farewell: though I say little, I know tis good to keepe women in quiet, that will brawle for a little matter, especially if their husband lie not at home, farewell.

Mil. Farewell.

When they had thus ended their cases, and given each other a good night, and came home to their wives in good time, that all things were quiet for that night, The next day about nine of the clocke in the morning according to promise, they met at the place appointed (the great Oake) under which, when they had a little rested themselues upon their walking staues, after a little ordinary salutation, with good morrow and well met, and how doe you and all your houshold, well, I thanke God, and I thanke you and God hold it, and so forth: taking up their cudgels, with come goe, the morning goes away, and the market will be done away they goe together, and being then some foure or five miles to the Towne they fell into new matters to talke upon: which if you will tarry till they be written, as I have heard them true or false as they be you shall have them, in the meane time, hoping you will have patience with this till you heare what followes, I will thus end.

A merry case is wittifull:
A wofull case is pitifull.
The wittifull doth breed but jest,
The pitifull may breed unrest.
Then leave the last, and take the first,
And take the best, and leave the worst.

FINIS.